

# THE NATIONAL ERA.

G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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MARY SUTHERLAND:

OR,  
POWER AND PRINCIPLE.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAP. XXX.

Step by step, day by day

Her step grew feebler in her hall,

And fainter at each even fall.

Her low voice died away;

Yet on her sweet, pale lips the white

Sat resignation's holy smile.

Calm as a child to slumber soothed,

As if an angel's hand had smoothened

The still white features into rest—

Silent and cold, without a breath

To stote the drapery on the white

She slept, at last, in death.—Whittier.

In the political world the next year the spirit of party ran very high. A great moral as well as national problem agitated and divided the whole country. It was the grand question of Free Soil. Mark Sutherland had been nominated by the Free-Soilers as their candidate for the United States Senate; he had accepted the nomination, and his friends labored perseveringly and anxiously for his election. Rosalie, as usual, entered heart and soul into all his toils and anxieties. "And not for ourselves, dearest Mark!" she said; "not for our own profit or vainglory—for that were a poor, mean, narrow motive, and a low, selfish aim!—nor for your own personal honor, Mark—though to him who is worthy of it, to him who appreciates and accepts its duties and responsibilities in the right, religious spirit, a seat in the American Senate is a greater honor—nor even for your future fame, Mark—not from any or all these motives do I wish and pray and toil for your success—but for the sake of the place and power it will confer upon you of doing good; of speaking appropriate truths before the proper audience; of succoring the oppressed; of defending the right! For this I hope, and I trust, and labor, and would, if need were, die!"

And on another occasion, when he was vexed and harassed, wearied and despondent, and inclined to give up the object at little worth the labor or the care, she said to him, sweetly—for her very love and manner had a soothing, encouraging spell—"Remember what Mountford says: 'Fame is a great thing for a man; it is silence for him when he wants to speak; it is a platform to preach from, more authoritative than a monarch's throne; it is an affectionate attention from a multitude of hearers.' Win fame, Mark—win the silence that will wait for your voice; the platform more authoritative than the monarch's throne; the reverential attention of multitudes! Only let sounds of words of truth and justice fall upon the silence; principles of righteousness speak from the platform; and the confounding attention of the crowd be riveted to the glorious right!"

High, inspiring words of holiness like these fell daily from her lips. But Rosalie was dying, dying all the faster because her failing oil of life was consumed, so ungrudgingly—her lamp of life shone so brightly, giving light where it was needed. Yes, Rosalie was dying, and her husband did not dream of it. Soothed into rest by her own sweet patience, and by the slowness and beauty of her failure, he did not dream of it! He left her with an increased burden of duties. At the urgent entreaties of his political friends, he went to show himself among the voters of the western counties. He was absent about a month, during which she toiled for "the good cause" faithfully—saying, when her strength was failing, "There will be time enough for rest hereafter; I must work while it is yet day, for the night cometh when no man can work!" And so, at the close of her daily school duties, she only left her school desk to seat herself in the editor's vacant chair; and the hours that should have been spent in recreation and rest, and the hours that belonged to sleep, were devoted to the interests of "the paper," and the cause it supported—to writing editorials, to reading and answering letters, examining exchanges, and propitiating or putting down opposition.

Mark Sutherland returned at the end of the month, with the flush of hope upon his cheek, the light of anticipated triumph in his eyes; but both light and color faded from his face at the sudden sight of Rosalie's brilliant eyes and burning cheeks. Was it strange that he never was struck by her illness, except upon meeting her after an absence? On the contrary, I think it was natural, for a few days accustomed him to her appearance; and her sweet patience, her cheerfulness and hope, mesmerized him into peace and joy. But this time, as he drew her in the house, he said—

"Indeed, Rosalie, you must, you shall give up your school. You are not strong enough to continue it! Besides, it is not needful. My election is pretty certain, and then another sphere and other more graceful, agreeable, and ladylike amusements await you, dearest!"

Rosalie smiled.

"Dear Mark, whenever you make a circuit among our hardy country people, you come back thinking me more fragile than ever, from the contrast."

And so she reassured him—and oh! he was very willing to be reassured—and she continued the charge of her school—anxious for every good principle she could instill into the minds of her young pupils—saying to herself, "These little ones will hereafter be the wives and mothers of law-makers, as all our people are law-makers; they will live in an era when American women will have more influence upon the destinies of the nation than they dream now. That influence must be for the right! I must sow the good seed, and cultivate it while I live; after, I die, the germ may grow and flourish, and bring forth much fruit in other lives!"

But the day came at last when her school had to be closed, and the laborer was obliged to rest from her labor. It was during the afternoon of a certain Friday—a day never to be forgotten by the young girls, who loved their teacher with enthusiastic devotion—that in the midst of one of the class-exercises—a little *extreme* lecture on their history lesson—that a sudden failure of strength drew all color from her face, her head dropped forward on her desk, and she swooned. And after this, she did not teach. Her school was opened but once more, and for the last time. It was the day that she received her papers for the purpose of bidding them farewell. It was quite a cheerful parting—on her part, saddened by no vain regret; on theirs, darkened by no vision of the shadow of death. She made it the occasion of a little festal, that her children's last reminiscence of her might be associated with pleasant thoughts; and yet it was an earnest parting, too, that she sought to sanctify to their good. In taking leave of each dear girl, she laid upon the heart of each a text of Scripture suited to the individual need, to be remembered for her sake, and acted upon

until they should meet again. For instance, Regina's besetting sin was ambition, and when she left it "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And in August, when she had a daughter, mind she had, "Praise God before a fall, and a hungry spirit before destruction!" to Maud, who had a high temper, she whispered, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger;" to little Alice, who was poor and neglected, and inclined—child as she was—to dependency, she said, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth;" to Fanny, who was an impulsive, impetuous child of impulse, she said, "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city." All these the affectionate girls promised to lay to heart, and act upon until they should meet their teacher again. Only Fanny said she hoped their dear teacher would not treat them as Lyrusses did the Spartans, and leave them laws to be obeyed during her absence, and then go away never to return. A cloud passed over the sunshine of Rosalie's countenance; but after a little hesitation, she said, "As sure as I live, dear girls, I will return in the spring." And soon after saying this, she dismissed all the bright-eyed, light-hearted children to their homes.

She raised her eyes, a little wild with the life-struggle, to his pale face.

"My hour is come—I am going, dear Mark. I am going! Turn me over on my right side, facing you. Sit down by me, so that I can see you to the last!" Hold my hand!"

Agonized with grief, yet by a powerful will controlling his feelings, he held her light form, and turned her as she desired. And then he wished to call assistance; but with an imploring look and gesture she arrested his purpose, and said—

"Useless, dear Mark! useless all. Oh! sit near me, where I can see you till the last, and so—part in peace sweetly."

She lay upon her right side, with her face towards him, with her fair hair floating back upon the pillow, with her blue eyes raised with an speakable love, to his countenance, with her left hand lying helplessly over the white counterpane.

He sank down into the chair by her side; he took her chill hand in his own warm one; he gazed upon her dying face. And as he gazed, a slight spasm agitated her fair throat, quivered over the sweet lips, and gave place to a heavenly smile. She sought to speak, but her words sank in quivering music—her eyes fixed upon his eyes—pouring their last light in streams of unutterable love into his soul—and they remained, until the heavenly spirit left them in death.

And still he sat gazing upon the dead face, holding the cold hand, until a noise in the piazza disturbed him, and words and tones of joy and triumph fell upon his vexed ear—and a familiar voice, asking—"Where is Mark? where is he? I swore to be the first to congratulate him, and I'll do it! I will not be hindered, I tell you!" and in another instant Uncle Billy burst into the room, and overjoyed, bewildered, blinded, rushed upon Mark, who had risen to prevent him, seated both his hands, exclaiming exultingly—

"Judge Sutherland, you are elected, sir! Sir, by an unprecedented vote! Allow me the honor of being the first to pay my respects to our Esq. Senator!"

Mark Sutherland grasped his visitor's hand with overmastering force, and silently pointed to the still, pale form upon the bed.

Mr. Bolling drew nigh in sudden awe, and grief, and his heart almost stood still, as he inquired, with hushed tones—

"Dead?"

"No!" replied Mark Sutherland, reverently, IMMORTAL!"

THE END.

LETTER FROM CONNECTICUT.

MIDDLETON, CT., August 3, 1853.

To the Editor of the *National Era*:

This is a beautiful little city, and very pleasant are the circumstances under which I find myself in it. A goodly number of literary men are gathered here to celebrate the anniversary exercises of one of those noble institutions, of which New England boasts so many. For more than twenty years, the Wesleyan University has been in successful operation, and has sent forth its proportion of improving influences on the world. It is under the patronage (as its name imports) of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is their only college in the Eastern States. The institution sustained a severe loss, two years since, in the death of its distinguished president, Dr. Olin. The condition of the College is now very hopeful, under the charge of Dr. Smith, formerly professor of mathematics and astronomy. He is an accomplished scholar, a thorough gentleman, a judicious officer and disciplinarian. Under his popular administration the affairs of the institution are assuming a more promising aspect than before for many years.

Rosalie is in a more vigorous and efficient condition than ever before. Its faculty are men of thorough scholarship, energy of character, and enlightened liberal views—such men as may be considered safe guides to young aspirants after learning and usefulness.

Milly had dropped by the bedside, and was covering his cold hand with choking kisses.

"But one thing that I've taught you, don't forget! You know what it is, and it's no harm to tell you: you are pretty, you're to when beauty could only bring temptation and trouble. You promise never to be wiled away by any flattering tempter, Milly, my girl?"

"Never! oh, no! no, never!" exclaimed Milly, shrinking back to another her sofa in the heavy damask boughs beside her.

"Don't, darling, and God keep you."

She paused a moment, clasping her hands in silent prayer.

"Bring Franky to me," she murmured, more calmly. "No, don't ring! I don't want Rosa! Go!" And she waved her hand toward the nursery door.

Milly went, and came back with a babe of seventeen months, whose round, rosy cheek lay warm upon her shoulder, dimpling even in her dreams.

"My baby—give!" said the mother faintly, stretching out her wan, wond-like arms for the cherub.

"You can't hold him, missis; his feet is amazing."

She half raised her head in her earnestness, then dropping it back upon her wasted hand, revealed in the flickering lamp-light features fair, even, under the seal of death. Every vein that wound over her dreamy, drowsy forehead, was betrayed by its too transparent veil. A thin embroidered cap, unfastened in the span of panting, had fallen back from matted masses of soft brown hair, that lay heavily on her heavy left shoulder.

The thick curtains of green damask that fastened the bed, had been drawn aside for fresh air; and between their folds stood a young girl of fifteen, holding in her right hand a lamp, which with the left she was trying to screen from the eyes of the sufferer. It was

"He has not come yet, Milly?"

A pale, emaciated woman breathed this question, in an eager, broken whisper, as the suffocating cough of consumption aroused her from the sleep-like lethargy of exhausted nature.

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The young mother clasped him to her heaving breast, as he was laid upon the pillow beside her, with a sudden violence that pressed apart his baby eyelids. His blue eyes strained open, and his lip rolled over in vague fear at first; but seeing the face he loved best looking down upon him, he started wide awake, with a crow of joy.

"Mamma, pretty!" he lisped, catching at the embroidered frill of her cap, which had fallen against his face.

"Oh, my child! my boy! my Franky! how can I go, and leave you? God knows what will become of you!"

A fresh fit of coughing here interrupted and nearly suffocated her. The frightened babe shrank away, with a low cry, from her distorted countenance, and clutched close the cape of Milly's dress.

"Don't, don't grieve so, missis. You've said God will take care of him; and I will stay with him."

"Oh, Milly, remember that! They will tell you, you can be free; and I know you can—know—you ought to—you should be—you shall be—if I can bring it so," she struggled to say.

"But don't leave my poor baby then! He won't have anybody—to care for him. Perhaps—he will have another mother."

A slight convulsion trembled through her frame, and—

"And oh! there'll be nobody to love him but you! Watch him, Milly; watch him, as I will out of Heaven. Promise me, child, that you never will try to leave him, and then I can go. Promise!"

"I promise!" exclaimed Milly, fervently, pressing the child to her heart.

"Bless you for it! Now, let me kiss him once. Darling! he won't know mamma when she is—dead! You'll tell—him all about me—won't you?" she breathed faintly.

Milly tried in vain to answer.

"My precious—my only boy! Oh! if God would let me take you, too! But His will be done!"

She kissed his forehead, lips, cheeks, and hands, with her icy, colorless lips, murmuring inarticulate prayers and blessings; then sank back, nearly senseless.

Her vinegarine revived her in a moment, and, unwilling to lose sight of her child again, she hastened to lay him in the crib, at the opposite end of the room. The little fellow was restless in his wakefulness; and it was a full half hour before Milly, with all her coaxing, stroking, and rocking, could soothe him again to sleep. Then she stole back to Mrs. Lewis, who had laid aside motioless, with an occasional gurgling cough.

The storm had spent its fury. Its howlings were dying away in the distance. In a pause, the clock of the hall struck, distinctly, one.

"Ho—won't come!" she shaped with a last effort. "God bless him—and you—and baby!"

She turned her glazing eyes on Milly; then upward, till it caught the reflection of a serpent's smile—then closed it to open on eternity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM CUBA.

HAVANA, —

I reached the city early yesterday afternoon, and found the foreigners of my acquaintance all excited at the prospect of the execution, by the *garrote*, of two political prisoners, which had been ordered for this morning. In company with a young Englishman I drove down to the Punto, to see the too-notorious instrument of death, which is always erected the day before

than a man, when eager in passion, is conscious of the blows he receives. Then the "high art of bull-fighting" requires that the bull be slain by one blow with the sword, which reaches the heart, and causes instant death. The sufferings of an animal thus slain are surely not to be compared with those of a man, bruised and mangled, and borne away half dead from the bloody boxing-ring.

The bulls which I saw were not very worthy champions, and three of them were driven out of the arena at the demand of the people, who vociferated loudly that they did not come to see bulls *slaughtered!* One of the rejected animals had evidently been accustomed to be driven in the fields by a man with a pole, and when the picador, lance in hand, rode at him, he quietly turned tail, and trotted away! Another beast was alarmed at the scene of confusion, that he galloped around and around the ring, and would not go out, till the "direction" backed an ox into the doorway; when, spying a kindred tail, the bull, much relieved, made a rush for his cousin, and escaped. I saw one bull killed, who made fiercely at his foes, and exited the admiration of the audience to such a degree, that when the awkward or unlucky *matador*, missing his first blow, had to dispatch the beast with a second thrust, there arose against him a perfect storm of hisses, and cries of "Murder!" "Dirty-banded!" "Away with him! he massacres!" And the *aficionado*, an amateur, near me, turning, said to me, in a pathetic voice, "Ay! ay! so noble a bull, so foully slain!" I left the horrid place, satisfied that no Spaniard of really refined character and cultivated mind can take pleasure in such sights; but satisfied, too, that the popularity of bull-fighting in Spain proves nothing against the intrinsic character of the Spanish race. The creoles shoot the "bull-fight," a Spanish amusement; but the creoles do not code-fight, which, to my mind, is a more cruel and degrading sport.

This morning I spent in looking over the two great fortresses of Las Cabanas and the Moro Castle, which are fortunate enough to be furnished with a letter of introduction to a Spanish officer in the fortress of Las Cabanas, and he politely conducted me over the immensely extensive fortifications. This is a rare privilege; for strangers in general are rigidly excluded from both fort, and I have known several instances in which foreigners have been arrested for sketching merely the outer walls of the buildings. One German gentleman in particular had a pleasant adventure of the sort, at the fort of Alvaro—fort south-east of the city, famous as the scene of the execution of the Americans captured in the time of Lopez. The base of the hill on which that fort stands is leased to a farmer, who raises vegetables for the Havana market. This farmer was ploughing his ground with the rude sapping plough in use here, and our German, struck with the odd shape of the thing, was sketching it when a sentinel suddenly came down upon him, and arrested him. They had no tongue in common, and he was carried into the fort, quite bewildered, and unable to conceive the cause of his arrest. A German soldier was at last found, who interpreted to the prisoner the charge against him; when he forthwith produced the sketch of the plough, whereupon the commander, heartily amused, sent off the sentinel with a reprimand, and detained his captive to a very Spanish breakfast. As I had no sketch-book, and was under convoy of a blue cap with a scarlet and gold band, I ran no such risks, and enjoyed my promenade in peace.

The Moro, as you know, guards the entrance of the harbor; and as this entrance is but a thousand feet in width, and further narrowed by a ship of the line, which the Spaniards sunk here when the English fleet appeared in 1762, it would be simply impossible for any hostile force to pass this fortress. The English, landing down the coast, assaulted the Castle from the land side; and in order to guard against such proceedings in future, the Spanish Government, after the folly of Lord Bute once more put the island into their hands, not only enlarged and strengthened the Moro Castle, but erected a new and magnificent line of fortifications on the hills of Las Cabanas, covering an immense area, and presenting an almost impregnable series of defences on every side. On this side the Atlantic nothing can be seen in the class of military architecture to rival these stupendous erections. The defences of Quebec, so imposing to an unscientific Yankee eye, are much less extensive and less massive. The Spaniards are, and always have been, famous builders, and they built forty millions of dollars into these fronting walls and battlements.

It is said that Charles III, when the accounts were presented to him, took up his spy-glass, and went to his window; and when one of the courtiers present asked his Majesty what object he wished to see, he replied—"That fort you have built for me at Havana. If it has cost such a sum of money, I ought to be able to see it at any distance."

The Cabanas seems to be well supplied with cannon and with ammunition, but the garrison is quite inadequate to the extent of the fortress. However, from the days of Numantia to those of Saragossa, the Spaniards have been famous builders; and with such solid works to defend as those of Havana, I have no doubt they could hold their own very firmly.

The inclined plane, which, with many turns, leads from the quay to the gates of the fortress, is really a sort of ravine for you pass between perpendicular walls of masonry, founded upon the solid rock, and seemingly not less solid themselves the while rising to the height of more than sixty feet on each side. To advance on this long, weary ascent, in the face of the internal shower of fire which could be raised from the numerous embrasures of those commanding batteries, would be no holiday sport.

The interior of the fortress is very neat, and the quarters of the troops superior to those I saw in Havana. The exercise ground has been recently planted with trees, which already yield a grateful shade from the intense glare of the sun on these exposed ramparts.

Conspicuous on an eminence in the Cabanas stands a marble obelisk, erected in honor of the "Loyalty and Valor" of the soldiers who fell in the invasion of Lopez. Two miles lead from the Cabanas to the Moro, but I passed over the distance of about one-eighth of a mile, which separates them, above ground.

The Moro Castle would be a formidable fortress of itself, but the Cabanas completely commands it, and it may be regarded almost as an outwork of that fortification. It is a more picturesque fort, however, standing directly above the sea, which is here of so singular a clearness, that on looking down with a glass from the ramparts one can see the sea-plants growing, thirty or forty feet below the surface. The signal station is here, and the admirable telescope of the signal-master commands the course of the Gulf stream for more than twenty miles each way. Many vessels were coming in and going out, while we stood there, and the scene was brilliant and gay beyond description. The view of the city and its environs from this lofty point, and especially from the lantern of the noble light-tower, is incomparably fine. The Moro has a sad fame as a prison-house, but my friend the Captain assured me there were no prisoners here now. I hardly knew whether to believe him; and it is very well known that several State prisoners were put to death within those walls about a month ago.

Destroyed it seems hardly possible these works should ever be; and in some future day, when "the sounds of war grow fainter and then cease," the immense circuit of these walls may be planted with trees and gardens, and converted into the most charming "city on a hill" ever seen—a city of health—a refuge for the "sick at heart;" or, as Moratín, in his translation of Hamlet, has rendered that phrase, the "delicados del pecho," the victims of complaints on the chest!

After visiting the forts, I completed the morning's warlike experience by calling upon another acquaintance, a naval officer on board the war steamer —, in the harbor. This vessel mounts six guns, two of them 84-pounders, and is a fine specimen of naval architecture, built as are most of the Spanish steamers, at London, furnished with English engines, and worked by English engineers, and armed with English cannon. The arms of the men are of Spanish make, and nearly though heavily made. The vessel is nicely earned for and elegantly fitted out; and when she had been three or four times the latitudes, and that her hull had become so foul as seriously to affect her speed. Moreover, he told us that when she was engaged in chasing the pirates, the captain would not allow him to drive her at the rate of more than seven knots an hour, for fear of an explosion! Another war steamer in port, which we visited, was built in Ferrol, and

is of a good model, though too heavily constructed to be a swift boat. However, the Spanish steam fleet now on this station is a decided overmatch for the whole American steam marine of war!

W. H. H.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1853.

DR. BAILEY, at last advices, was still in England. He expected to start for America on the 24th (yesterday) in the Atlantic steamer. He will be home in September. \*

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.—In another column will be found the first of a series of letters from our correspondent in Europe. It is from the pen of a highly-distinguished writer in England, whom Dr. Bailey has engaged to furnish letters for the *Era*. We command it to attention. \*

MARK SUTHERLAND, OR POWER AND PRINCIPLE.—The concluding chapter of this work, by Mrs. Southworth, will be found in our column this week. Its publication has been continued through some thirty numbers of the *Era*, and the work has greatly interested all who have read it. Our correspondents speak in warm praise of its merits. It will shortly appear, in book form, and, we learn, will also be published in England, by the enterprising firm of Clarke, Beeton & Co. \*

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

The confidence in a speedy pacific settlement of the Turkish question, expressed in the news from which we made up our last week's European intelligence, is much shaken by the last arrivals. Our statement was made more than cautiously, doubtfully. The Russian troops were, to the number of 160,000 men, occupying the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, fortifying their positions at Jassy and Bucharest, marching forward toward the Danube, and the Czar had given no indications of peace upon terms any way acceptable to the Porte. There were, indeed, no reliable grounds for the prevalent expectation of an immediate adjustment of the difficulty. Since then, the Humboldt and the America have arrived, bringing London dates up to the 6th instant.

It appears from statements by the Cabinet Ministers of England, made in the two Houses of Parliament, that a conference was held at Vienna on the 30th July, by the Ministers of Austria, Prussia, France, and England, (the Minister of Russia not present, and his absence not accounted for,) at which a proposition for the settlement of the question was agreed upon by the four Powers and despatched to St. Petersburg. To this proposition, which is now called an *ultimatum* of the allies, no final answer can be received at London before the 10th or 12th instant. If Nicholas accepts, his troops must be immediately withdrawn from the Turkish Principalities; and the conference at Vienna, putting its arrangements, will conclude a treaty to protect Turkey in the future. The question of Peace or War, therefore, rests wholly with the Czar. If he refuses the *ultimatum* of the four Powers, or evades a reply, the allied fleets will be ordered to the Bosphorus, or further, and active measures will be taken by France and England to maintain the integrity of their ally.

This is the amount of the intelligence by the American. While it upset the previous rumors of settlement, it looks as if the allies had settled their purposes and line of action definitely.

The Earl of Clarendon, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in the House of Lords, on the 2d inst., stated that his despatches brought the intelligence that the Consul General of Russia had ordered the Hospodar of Moldavia to pay the tribute usually transmitted to Constantinople, over to the Russian Government, and otherwise assumed the civil government of the country; and that he had directed the British Consul in the Principalities to cease their functions there; and, further, that he had instructed the English Ambassador to demand the explanation from the Russian Government which this state of things required.

This looks like progress, with a purpose in it—we shall see.

In the mean time, Russia has possession of the territory and of its revenues. A little more negotiation and winter will set in, and Turkey will be booked for a winter's expenses of waiting and preparation. The Russian *ultimatum* of a month ago was like the "positively last night" on a show bill—postponed and repeated, because it paid well. And we are not so sure that the last proposition of the allies is less elastic than the first, made by England and France.

The Czar has just ordered new and large levies of troops throughout his entire dominions. The ratio is to be ten men in 1,000, generally. The whole active force of his army is about 300,000 men, with 912 pieces of cannon; the reserve force, 240,000 men, and 360 pieces of cannon. The total troops in the Caucasus, Finland, Siberia, &c., are about 80,000 men, and 280 pieces of cannon. The whole force available in Europe is supposed to be 430,000 men, 72,000 horses, and 1,272 cannon.

An Egyptian fleet, carrying 12,000 men, had arrived at Constantinople. It is reported that fifty-two French field officers have entered the Turkish service; and it is again reported in Vienna that the United States Government has given the Sultan assurances of support, both in men and money, and is negotiating for the possession of the Marmarizza.

Moreover, it is stated that when the Czar heard of the Costa affair, he advised Austria to settle it as easily as possible, and do anything rather than give the United States a pretence for interfering with the affairs of Europe.

The journals of Frankfort, of the 30th, say that Austria not only intends to demand reparation from the United States for the Smyrna affair, but insists that the Porte shall immediately procure the extradition of Costa.

CHINA.

With reference to the rebellion there is but little to add to our last reports. Nanking remained in possession of the rebels. The imperialists made an attempt on Amoy, but failed.

PERSIA.

The town of Shiras was overthrown by an earthquake on the 21st April; 12,000 persons perished.

DENMARK.

The cholera continues its ravages at Copenhagen; 2,500 cases have proved fatal—more than fifty per cent. of the number attacked.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Parliament is expected to be prorogued on the 18th or 20th August. Ocean penny postage postponed till next session. \*

COMPARATIVE MORTALITY OF CITIES.—The following is a summary of the last weekly mortality in various cities, with the proportion of deaths to their respective populations:

Deaths. Population. Ratio of Deaths.

Philadelphia . . . . 247 400,000 1 to 1,656

New York . . . . 571 3,000,000 1 to 5,234

Baltimore . . . . 169,000 1 to 1,374

Boston . . . . 111 139,000 1 to 1,252

New Orleans . . . . 99 120,000 1 to 1,250

Charleston . . . . 20 43,000 1 to 2,150

Savannah . . . . 6 21,000 1 to 2,666

Mobile . . . . 10 20,500 1 to 1,079

From the National Era.  
THE POPE AND SAINT PETER.  
BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

It chanced, that while the pious troops of France Fought in the crusade which Pope Pius presided, What time the holy Bourbons stayed his hands, (The Hur and Aaron meet for such a Moses,) Stretched forth from Naples towards rebellious Rome To bless the ministry of Ouidon, And sanctify his iron homes!

And sharp persuasions of the bayonet, That the good pontiff fell asleep, and dreamed.

He stood by Lake Tiberes, in the sun of the bright Orient; and beheld the lame, The sick, and blind, kneeled at the Master's feet, And rise up whole. And, sweetly over all, Dropping the ladder of their hymn of praise From Heaven to Earth, in silver rounds of song, He heard the blessed angels sing of peace, Good will to man, and glory to the Lord.

Then one, with feet unshod, and leatheren face Hardened and darkened by fierce summer suns And hot winds of the desert, closer drew His fisher's cloak, and girded up his loins, And spoke, as one who had authority:

"Come thou with me."

Lake-side and eastern sky

And the sweet song of angels passed away,

With a dream's absence of change or chance,

The priest, and the swart fisher by his side,

Beheld the eternal city fit its domes,

And solemn fane and monumental pomp

Above the waste campagna. On the hills

The blare of burning villas rose and fell,

And momently the monitor's iron throat

Boared from the trenches; and, within the walls,

Sharp crash of shells, low groans of human pain,

Showed human-beast, and the clangling larum bell,

And tramp of hoofs sent up a mingled sound,

Halt-wail and half defiance. As they passed

The gate of San Panero, human blood

Flowed high about them, and dead men

Flung the long street with gashed and gory piles—

A ghastly barricade of mangled flesh—

From which, at times, quivered a living hand,

And gray lips moved and moaned. A father tore

His white hair, by the body of his son,

In phrensy; and his fair young daughter wept

On her old bosom. Suddenly a flash

Cloves the thick sulphurous air, and man and maid

Sank, crushed and mangled by the shattering shell.

Then spake the Gallicant: "Thou hast seen

The bloodied Master and His works of love;

Look now on this! Hearst thou the angels sing

Above this open hell?" Thou God's high priest!

Thou the Viceregent of the Prince of Peace!

Thou the successor of his chosen ones!

I, Peter, a fisherman of Galilee,

In the dear Master's name, and for the love

Of His true Church, proclaim thee anti-Christ.

Alas and separate from His holy faith

Wide as the difference between death and life,

The hate of man and the great love of God!

Hence, and repeat!"

Theretofore, and muttering o'er his fearful dream,

"What means he?" cried the Bourbon. "Nothing

more

Than that your majesty hath all too well

Catered for your poor guests, and, in sooth,

The Holy Father's super troublous him."

## EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

London, August 5, 1853.

To the Editor of the *National Era*:

When it was the custom for a certain set of politicians to declaim against any interference with continental national affairs—a theme ceaselessly harped upon since the accession of the House of Brunswick to the throne of these realms—Mr. Canning observed that England was too great a country to be able to shun herself up in insular separation, and keep her politics aloof from the general European system. On the contrary, there could hardly be a dispute, and assuredly not a war which lasted over a single campaign, into the vortex of which she must not, of necessity, be plunged. In the same manner we may say of America—The United States have become so great a country that they cannot exclude themselves, even across the broad Atlantic, from being deeply interested as parties, if not actually brought in as principals, to the complications, dissensions, and struggles of Europe. It is commerce that makes the whole world one kin, and thus, as it were, renders apparently the most distant feuds very like domestic quarrels, which involve the wide-spread family of mankind.

Intelligence, therefore, of what is doing in every quarter, is important to all; and upon the character of that intelligence a great deal depends. If we may coin a new phrase—if not a new idea—we may state that what must be most acceptable is a PHILOSOPHY OF NEWS, as contradistinguished from uncertain rumors and colored facts, which now pass but too generally current for truth and accurate information. We assure readers that it is an exceedingly difficult thing to pick the grains of wheat out of the bushels of chaff which fill the best conducted journals of the times. There are always such powerful inducements to pervert, to mislead, and to misinform, that the most skillful of the Whig party (what remains of it) as equally steeped in iniquity and sold to oppression; therefore,

**INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATIC MEETINGS.**  
INDIANA.

**Henry county.**—A meeting was held at New Castle on 6th inst. Isaac Kinley was chosen President, and J. E. Saint, Secretary. The following preamble and resolution was adopted:

*Whereas, We regard the Democratic party of this nation as hopelessly corrupt, and lost to all sense of right; as fully pledged to nationalize Slavery and sectionalize Freedom; And, wherefore, we regard the Whig party (what remains of it) as equally steeped in iniquity and sold to oppression; therefore,*

**Resolved.** That the only hope of this nation is in the adoption of the principles of the Free Democracy, as set forth in the Pittsburgh platform.

Resolutions in favor of township and district organizations were also adopted. The meeting was addressed by Wm. Hendrix.

## OHIO.

**Clermont county.**—Delegates from the different townships of this county met at Felicity, Ohio, on 3d inst. Z. M. Lansdown, chairman; and Wm. Carter, Secretary. Speeches were made by Hon. Samuel Lewis, Dr. Barnes, and Rev. Wm. Lewis. The following county ticket was placed in nomination:

Representative—E. G. Ricker, of Piercetown; Sheriff—David Fagan of Franklin; Auditor—Nelson Gibson, of Tate; Treasurer—Jacob Ebersol, of Piercetown; Prosecuting Attorney—L. W. Carter, of Franklin; Commissioner—J. W. Morin, of Ohio; Recorder—T. J. Morris, of Tate.

## NEW YORK.

**Oswego county.**—Delegates from the several districts of this county met at Mexico on 10th inst., pursuant to notice. The meeting was organized by the choice of Dr. E. A. Potter, President; Harvey Gray, George S. Buell, Vice Presidents; O. S. Cook, J. C. Porter, Secretaries. Resolutions in favor of the Pittsburgh platform, and against the slave transit bill were adopted. The following candidates for county officers were nominated:

For District Attorney—Sylvanus C. Huntington, Pulaski County; Superintendent of the Poor—Orson Ames, Mexico; Justices of Sessions—Benj. N. Hinman, Hamblin; Harvey Gray, town of Oswego.

The following were chosen delegates to the State Convention: I. N. Macaom, Sandy Creek, Eastern district; Anson Loomis, Fulton, Western district; Alternates—E. B. Robbins, Sandy Creek, Eastern district; R. H. Spencer, Oswego, Western district.

## MAINE.

**Waldo County.**—The Independent Democracy of this county met in Convention on the 10th inst., at Brooks. James Blanchard, President; Philo Chase and A. S. Randall, Secretaries. The citizens of Brooks, or rather the ladies, provided a free entertainment for the Convention, which was heartily partaken of by the guests. The following ticket was nominated:

Senators—Thomas R. Lane, Sylvanus Roberts, and John Randall; Commissioner—Rich' Ford; County Treasurer—Wm. O. Poor.

A resolution was adopted, urging upon the friends of the Maine Law to support Dr. E. Z. Holmes for Governor.

## MISSOURI.

The representation of Missouri, in the next Congress, will stand as follows:

**Democrats**—Thos. H. Benton, A. W. Lamb, John S. Phelps.

**Whigs**—Samuel Caruthers, John J. Lindley, John G. Miller, Mordecai Oliver.

The St. Louis *Democrat*, speaking of the defeat of Fox Jackson in the 3d district, says:

“Thus a traitor of a double dye—a traitor to Democracy and a traitor to the country—is now laid on the shelf for his natural life, as he was long since predicted he would be the first time he made his appearance before the public for their suffrages. The reputed author of the infamous Jackson resolutions, and an open mouthed defender of their treasonable doctrines, has now received the verdict of the people of his own district, and that verdict is that Claiborne Fox Jackson, and his resolutions are repudiated, and that he is not a fit person to represent the State of Missouri in Congress.”

## TENNESSEE.

The official majority for Andrew Johnson Democrat, for Governor, is 2,216. The Whigs have elected five members of Congress, the Democrats four, with the first district in doubt. The Legislature stands thus:

## Whigs. Democrats.

Senate - 12 13

House - 44 31

— —

56 44

Whig majority on joint ballot, 12.

**ALABAMA.**—The *Montgomery Advertiser* has returned from 29 counties, and the vote for Governor foots up: Earnest (Ind Whig) 8,122; Walker, (the Whig nominee who declined), 590; Nickels, (Union Dem.) 3,435; Winston, (Dem. candidate) 23,527.

The Democrats have a decided majority in both branches of the Legislature, and a majority on joint ballot from 23 to 25.

**HORROR.**—The head of the Rev. Mr. Penney was instantly torn from his body in the Worcester railroad murder!

The awfully mangled state of the dead was such that they had to be wrapped up from public view.

States our reporter, who was present.

When a railway company can only make one track, the State should add another.

## N. Y. Tribune.

**MEXICO.**—Private advices from Mexico report that much excitement existed, in consequence of Santa Anna having re-established a direct tax, and ordered an army of 92,000 men to be raised, on the pretence of waging war with the United States, but in reality to strengthen himself in power. He also proposes to raise a loan of \$17,000,000, at 3 per cent. interest, by mortgaging the church property, to be paid back in annual instalments of one million of dollars. The clergy, it is supposed, has accelerated. This self-exile system was hailed as a relief, and encouraged by private benevolent subscriptions, philanthropic plans.

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The new political casting of nations, as it were, is another phenomenon, out of which mighty events must be evolved. The antagonistic principles of absolutism and freedom are more unequivocally pitted against each other throughout Europe than they have ever been before, though the latter is unfortunately too much bound up with secret associations and conspiracies. But the conflict approaches, and, after a terrible struggle, when it does raise its front in open day, there will be nothing able to stand against it.

The most favorable symptom is the evident desire for the preservation of peace, which unites so many Governments, with necessarily diversified views and interests, in the effort to curb the mad development of Russian ambition. On the issue it is dangerous to speculate, when ten days will put us in possession of the climax. But it is as difficult to suppose that the Czar will retreat, as it has been to imagine that he would venture so far. It is clear that the time was not so ripe for the attempt as he presumed; though there were many things to induce a contrary belief. His recent services to Austria in Hungary—the Montenegro collision and differences between that Power and the Porte—the French coup to obtain an advantage at the holy shrines—and, above all, the establishment of a military despotism in France, rendering any cordial alliance with constitutional England improbable, were all suggestive of the lucky moment. But the calculation has, so far, turned out to be erroneous; and the grand question now is, Will the haughty Autocrat humble himself, without a few blows, to march out of the Dalmatian provinces on compulsion, and exhibit a picture of baffled injustice to the grinning universe? If some expedient cannot be devised, apparently to break the fall and gild the disgrace, we can hardly persuade ourselves that Nicholas will be induced, with 120,000 men, to March 'cross the Pruth. And then march back again.

His proud stomach will, we think, rather risk a war, especially if that war assumed passive, or defensive, or still continued diplomatic, instead of active and offensive operations against him, from the Black Sea to the Baltic. Persia, with Schiraz destroyed, with the loss of 12,000 lives, and suffering other calamities, might still seize the opportunity to shake off a painful oppression, and the brave Caucasians would recover lost ground. Under all circumstances, it is not strange that peace or war should hang on an almost equally poised balance.

The state of affairs in China is also exceedingly interesting and important at this period.

The insurgents, professing a mongrel Protestantism, and adopting the ancient Jewish principles in warfare, of cutting off man, woman and child, of the Tartar races who oppose them, have got possession of Nanking and Amoy, where they protect foreigners, and do not molest the Chinese people in the midst of their massacres of enemies. In the mean while America visits Japan, and British India invades Burmah. The days when the florid empire could be held as a close corporation, are gone forever; and the access of this vast, rich, and populous quarter of the earth to the great family of nations, is an event, the importance of which cannot be over-estimated.

Merely repeating our mention of the marvellous restoration of the age of gold, an engine of itself capable of producing wonderful changes, may we not ask, whether or not we have, even in so cursory a manner as our limits permit, demonstrated that our lot has fallen on an extraordinary epoch, and one pregnant with events to be born within the next fifty years, perhaps more astonishing than those which have made the first half of the nineteenth century a romance unparalleled in the history of the human race.

REV. ELLINGTON.—Many of our exchanges make Ellington a Reverend. We understand he does not claim to be a minister of the Gospel, but does claim to be a member of the Church. So we have an example of one heir of Christ attempting to make another heir of Christ his property. Who can wonder that there are infidels?—*Indiana True Dem.*

The time fixed for the trial of John Freeborn, who is claimed by Ellington, is Monday, the 29th instant, at Indianapolis; meantime he is charged three dollars per day for the hire of a guard, to keep himself from running away. The marshal (J. L. Robinson) is strongly censured by the Indiana papers, both Whig and Democratic, for his scarcely disguised efforts in behalf of the claimant. This case is working a revolution in the public sentiment of Indiana, in regard to the Fugitive Slave bill. It has attracted public attention to the enormities of that infamous enactment. That Freeborn, if he has half a chance, will be able to prove himself to be a freeman in fact, as he is in name, we have no doubt. The claimant and his marshal have already outraged law and decency in endeavoring to consign a freeman to Slavery, and we shall watch their future proceedings with much interest.

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